

THOUGHTS

ON

The Crystal Palace,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY CAROLINE PATSTON,

Peterborough.



London;

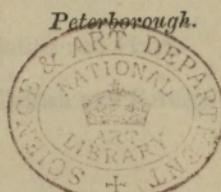
HOULSTON & STONEMAN, PATERNOSTER ROW.
PETERBORO: CLARKE.

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Original Poems.

Thoughts on the Great Exhibition.

PART I.

My poor weak fancy ne'er can trace,
The beauties of this wondrous place—
The curiousness of human art.
Who doth this knowledge then impart?

Behold the works of nature shine—
The grass—the flowers—the fruitful vine!
Man works and toils; and what is he
Intended by his God to be?

More favored than all things on earth,
It is by God he has his birth;
Who doth this ingenuity give?
It is of God, by whom we live.

He made the earth, the skies, the seas,
And takes away man when he please.
Wisdom and knowledge he imparts
To men's poor, weak, and feeble hearts.

Noble this palace must appear ;
Millions of eyes the sight shall share ;
The works of art and science there,
Most beautiful and curious are.

I like ingenious works to see,
They speak my Master's power to me ;
His mighty power doth all excell.
O may his presence with us dwell.

And whilst they view and still admire,
May something more their hearts inspire.
These scenes will quickly pass away,
The works of man must all decay.

The city of our God's to view,
Where there is always something new—
Something better there by far,
There the bright, the Morning Star.

There no gloom, no clouds appear,
Perfect joy throughout the year ;
Nor Satan there can us annoy,
For 'tis a place of endless joy.

Do I ingenuous man despise—
Or nature's beauties as they rise ?
No: but the power of God approve,
And say, he's everlasting love.

He bids all nature's beauties spring,
He makes the fields and meadows green,
Gives knowledge unto sinful man,
Works all by his own wondrous plan.

The lily in the valley grows,
Sweet is the fragrance of the rose ;
All other flowers in order stand,
Planted by God's almighty hand.

He makes the trees in the forest grow ;
Yet little of him creatures know :
Men plant the trees, and sow the grain,
But God must send the fruitful rain.

The fruit trees' blossom we behold,
God's mercies never can be told,
Each various kind of fruit he sends,
On him our time and life depends.

The cattle on the plain we see,
The hand of God in every tree.
He sendeth food for man and beast,
His mercy cometh to the least.

The earth he made, and all beside,
He makes the rivers sweetly glide.
But far beyond all human ken,
His Spirit dwells with sons of men.

Gave Christ his Son in human form,
Who was by us despised and torn.
What mercies doth our God bestow
On sinful creatures here below !

How glorious is his heavenly plan,
To rescue wretched, fallen man.
Christ suffered on the cross : 'tis true,
God's mercies are for ever new.

Be still, my thoughts, and muse awhile ;
Behold all nature round us smile !
On hedges green wild flowers appear.
Doth man serve God with holy fear ?

He made man king of every beast,
E'en from the greatest to the least :
And shall their hearts forgetful prove ?
Forget their God—the God of love ?

Yes : human nature is so blind,
As to forget a God so kind.
All nature's works his hand doth shew ;
He gives all power here below.

There he bore the sin and shame,
For his people suffered pain.
O wondrous love ! 'twas great indeed,
That God for sinful man should bleed.

To save their sinful souls from hell
The Lord of life and glory fell.
He rose victorious from the grave.
Oh, may our souls his mercy crave.

'Tis true, 'tis endless life he'll give,
Sinners in endless joy shall live.
All ye his works, O sing his praise,
His power, his glory, and his grace.

He gave your hands these works to do—
And all your secret actions knew ;
His power no mortal can excel ;
His love is more than tongue can tell.

His depths of wisdom and of grace
Our feeble minds can never trace.
His justice-sword, with bloody hue,
Points to base man, to strike him through.

But Christ, their great Redeemer, came,
The Lamb of God for sinners slain ;
The sword of justice pierc'd him through :
O yes ; his love is ever new.

Rejoice ! ye saints that know his love ;
'Tis he that hath all power above.
Rejoice ! then, all things here below ;
The praises of your Maker shew.

To heathens may he teach his grace ;
His mercy shew in every place ;
Let Britain's sons his praises swell—
His songs to other nations tell.

He bled and died, to live again :
O spread abroad his mighty fame !
O sinner, seek him whilst you've breath ;
He is the God who saves from death.

How quickly time doth pass away !
Nor will for us one moment stay ;
The end !—how soon we cannot tell
We in another world may dwell.

O to be found in Jesus' love !
To dwell with him in heaven above !
That he may give us faith to say,
His blood hath washed our sins away.

Incline our hearts to things divine—
To cleave to Christ the living Vine,
When pain and sorrow doth oppress,
And when we feel our faith grow less.

What comfort then can creatures give ?
O may we then in Jesus live !
Our thoughts to God and heaven aspire ;
'Tis he that gives that great desire.

When we arrive at that blest home,
Where neither pain nor sorrows come,
There, clothed in Jesu's perfect dress,
His name we shall for ever bless.

His robe of righteousness—'tis true—
Is a rich robe that's ever new ;
'Tis white and clean—no soil's thereon—
And worn by saints to glory gone.

Eternity will never end ;
May we, then, seek the sinner's Friend.
Though trouble may beset our way,
We to this world shall soon decay.

Then, with those saints whose harps are tuned,
May we be in his glory found,
The mercies of our God to sing,
And Christ, our everlasting King.



Thoughts on the Crystal Palace.

PART II.

THE queen of the south, we may read,
Of the wisdom of Solomon heard,
And left her far country with speed,
From the uttermost parts of the world.

His wisdom was greater, by far,
Than all that her heart had conceived ;
Of hard questions she brought a great share,
Nor could she have ever believed

Such wisdom and glory to see,
Such riches and honour to find ;
How o'erwhelmed her spirit must be,
That Israel's God was so kind.

He gave Solomon wisdom and strength—
Gave him riches and glory, we read ;
May we seek this great God, then, at length,
On his wisdom and glory to feed.

His hands made both heaven and earth,
The sea, and all that is therein ;
It was he that gave Solomon birth,
And caused all his glory to spring.

He sends down the rain on our earth,
Makes the fields to look fruitful and gay ;
Its he that gives all creatures birth,
And he made the night and the day.

O Israel's God is supreme ;
His wisdom and mercy how great !
To sinners forgetful of him
O may we his mercy relate.

"Twas he made the moon and the stars,
And caused them with brightness to shine.
He gathers his people from far.
His majesty—oh, how divine !

In the Bible we read of the flood,
When Noah God shut in the ark.
His care of his people how good !
Faith and patience oh may he impart.

He caused the waters to cease,
And brought them forth out of the ark ;
On earth he made all things increase,
And knowledge to them did impart.

A cov'nant with Noah he made,
And formed his bright bow in the clouds ;
Sure there his fierce anger was stayed—
His creatures no more he would drown.

The rainbow, how oft it appears !
That beautiful arch I admire ;
It is constant through so many years ;
In this world it will never expire.

His thunder, how loud it oft speaks !
Some think it the anger of God,
Which makes them to tremble and quake,
In fear of his chastening rod.

The lightning that darts from the skies,
Oft alarms the weak spirit of man ;
O God, in thy mercy arise,
And prosper thy heavenly plan.

Of the Israelites we may read,
Who did sacrifice to their God ;
Their lambs and their bulls were indeed
The sacrifices they brought.

The lamb in its nature, we find,
Is innocent, harmless and clean ;
Sure God to his people is kind,
From the guilt of their sins to redeem.

They often their God did provoke ;
And vexed him in many a place ;
But when Moses the rock he had smote,
The water did run out apace.

Sweet emblem of that precious Rock
On which all believers do build,
Is he that doth Shepherd his flock !
With his grace and his mercy they're fill'd.

He is the Lamb of our God,
For the sins of his people was slain ;
It is Jesus the First and the Last,
And all wisdom in him doth remain.

All types and all shadows now past,
Doth prefigure this precious God-Man ;
Our Jesus, the First and the Last :
" Before Abram was, lo, I am."

He left heaven, that glorious place,
To dwell in a body of clay ;
In the Bible, behold, we may trace
His wonderful works on his way.

A heavenly host from the skies
Glad tidings proclaim'd at his birth ;
The shepherds beheld with surprise
His glory appear on the earth.

Wise men saw his star in the east ;
They knew it was greater than all ;
A heavenly King at the least.
His people he saves from the fall.

By Adam came sin in the world ;
We creatures are born in the same ;
'Mid cares and afflictions we're hurl'd ;
But Jesus he came for to save.

His way was much rougher than mine ;
His burthen was greater by far ;
Why, then, should my spirit repine ?
For he bore the heat of the war.

The sins of his people were laid
On Jesus, that glorious God-Man ;
The demand of God's justice he paid,
And gloriously finished the plan.

"It is finished !" the Saviour replied ;
"It is finished !" the victory's won !
The Saviour of sinners hath died,
And satan and hell overcome.

In death he could never be held ;
His Spirit was greater than all ;
His wisdom can never be told ;
He made both the great and the small.

Victorious, he rose from the dead,
And triumphant o'er hell and the grave;
His blood for poor sinners was shed,
And he has all power to save.

The Friend of poor sinners, oh seek ;
His love will eternally last ;
O may he your spirits awake,
And guide you to heaven at last.

There, happiness always will dwell ;
There, souls are for ever at rest ;
It is more than poor mortals can tell ;
With Jesus for ever they're blest.

The wicked in hell are cast down ;
The fear of our God they despise ;
In endless torments they are found,
From whence they can never arise.

This Jesus, this Saviour, how great !
His love and his mercy, how free !
It is he does my spirit awake,
And makes me his brightness to see.

A greater than Solomon he ;
His wisdom is greater by far ;
His people from sin he sets free ;
He's their bright and their true Morning Star.

To him may my spirit, then, cleave,
My Shelter, my Shade, and my Trust ;
By him I alone can believe
His righteousness maketh me just.

O sinner, this Saviour then seek ;
May you find, too, this sacred rest ;
In Jesus all mercy's complete ;
Of all things he's surely the best.

In sickness, in death, may you find
His presence is greater than all ;
He gives a true peace to the mind.
On him may you constantly call.

And when this vain world we must leave,
In Jesus alone there is rest ;
Now he for his people doth plead :
In his robe we must surely be dress'd.

His righteousness covers from sin ;
It's spotless and clean before God ;
In Jesus doth glory begin :
With his gospel oh may we be shod.

Afflictions oft make me complain,
And prevent me to work for support ;
But God, my great Friend, doth remain ;
With him could I always resort.

But time—it doth fast pass away ;
The moments, how quick they do fly !
To this world we must shortly decay :
On God may our spirits rely.

Afflictions or death may us seize ;
Our bodies be laid in the grave ;
Where then shall we fly for some or ease ?
The mercies of God may we crave.

In heaven there's celestial peace ;
There Jesus in glory doth reign ;
That is the alone happy place ;
There sinners no more will complain.

In Jesus they'll truly rejoice—
Their Wisdom, their Strength, and their Song ;
With their harps he will tune their sweet voice ;
And they'll join with the heavenly throng.



Thoughts on the Crystal Palace.

PART III.

Isaiah lxi. 10.

ALL power is Christ's in earth and heaven ;
To him be praise and glory given ;
O could I sound from pole to pole
His precious value to my soul !

May you that read these lines, proclaim
The glory of your Maker's name !
Rejoice with me—in God rejoice ;
May he give strength of heart and voice !

Proclaim abroad his songs of praise ;
His wisdom, and his power and grace :
In Christ my Lord I will rejoice ;
His praise shall tune my feeble voice.

In sickness he can comfort give ;
On him my soul doth daily live ;
O may my voice not silent be ;
But daily sing, oh Lord, to thee.

Let heathens hear thy mighty fame ;
Let all thy people praise thy name ;
Greatly in thee we will rejoice ;
To thee we'll raise our feeble voice.

He doth our greatest comforts give ;
O may we praise him while we live.
On earth he doth all things provide.
May he our souls to heaven guide.

My soul shall praise him while I live ;
For he eternal life doth give.
Joyful my soul shall ever be,
In God, who made the earth and sea.

Satan's power he will control,
And satisfy the hungry soul ;
His mercy is so great to man—
How glorious is his heavenly plan !

Rejoice, my soul, nor cease to tell
The wonders of Immanuel :
Through all the world would I proclaim
The glories of my Saviour's name.

The powers of sin he can control ;
His blood can cleanse the foulest soul.
O sinner ! seek the God of heav'n—
By him eternal life is giv'n.

Jesus our Mediator came ;
Both God and man, for sinners slain :
The cruel pangs of death he bore,
To save poor souls from Satan's pow'r.

Oh view him on the cross, and see
Him die for souls like you and me !
His pains, his groans, his dying cries—
O sinner ! whence do these arise ?

O sinner ! think what sin must be !
Oh look at Jesus on the tree !
His love's so great, we cannot tell—
Left heav'n to save vile man from hell !

To bear their sins, to set them free,
His people's God he'll ever be.
" It's finish'd !" was his dying cry ;
Oh see the King of Glory die !

But death could not his Spirit hold :
His loving-kindness can ne'er be told.
The ire of God on him was laid,
By him alone the debt was paid.

He rose victorious ! Proclaim,
And spread abroad his mighty fame !
He righteousness to sinners gives ;
He lives, the King of Glory lives !

My soul be joyful in thy God ;
Be with his glorious gospel shod.
His own right arm salvation brought ;
And he alone the battle fought.

Salvation's a dress wrapt around
The soul that in God's book is found :
This garment covers all our sin,
And in God's sight is white and clean.

This garment sure has cover'd me ;
And I my Saviour's face shall see :
Salvation comes from Christ alone ;
His blood for sinful man atones.

Rejoice my soul, in God rejoice ;
To him I'll raise my feeble voice :
His word of truth sweet comforts give
To souls that in his name believe.

His glorious robe is worn by those
His love and sweetest mercy chose ;
In righteousness with him above :
His saints shall dwell in endless love.

Oh could I search the Bible more !
There is indeed a precious store !
Let those that love their Saviour's name,
Spread abroad his glorious fame.

His glorious truths they should proclaim :
O sinner ! seek his lovely name.
His smiles can cheer the drooping soul,
And all its doubts and fears control.

Rejoice in God, the God of heav'n ;
To him be praise and glory giv'n.
Wisdom and knowledge he imparts
To those who seek him from their hearts.

Though clouds and darkness round them beat,
And Satan seems to stop their feet ;
Prayer with heart, and soul, and mind,
Access to God will surely find.

Where he that holy desire gives,
That soul his mercy sure receives ;
And Satan ne'er can keep them back ;
His Spirit shows the distant track.

This path he will not let them miss,
But lead them on to endless bliss :
O, guide me, Lord, and keep me still ;
And lead me by thy heavenly will.

In thee alone we will rejoice ;
To thee we'll raise our feeble voice :
Thy mighty power, so great indeed,
Brings forth all things that creatures need.

Oh ! how undeserving we are,
In thy great mercies thus to share !
Food and raiment thou dost provide,
And mercies manifold, beside.

But yet how murmuring we go !
Forget thy mercies here below :
Contentment, Lord, oh, wilt thou give ;
And let our souls upon thee live.

And then in thee we will rejoice,
And thou shalt tune our feeble voice ;
Our songs of praise shall ne'er be o'er,
And they shall sound from shore to shore.

Greatly in God we will rejoice ;
To him we'll raise our feeble voice :
Joyful in God we'll ever be ;
His righteousness shall set us free.

'Tis with salvation he hath drest
The soul that in his love doth rest :
His robe of righteousness so fair !
In this, that soul shall surely share.

The wicked—oh their dreadful doom !
How soon their endless torments come !
Into everlasting fire cast,
Torment that will for ever last.

'Tis this thought makes me crave to know
If Christ did die for me below :
Our sins are many, it is true ;
But Jesu's love is ever new.

His people's sins shall be forgiv'n,
For Jesus pleads for them in heav'n ;
He suffer'd death that they might live :
To him they endless praises give.

Rejoice, my soul ; oh never cease
To praise the God of endless peace ;
His mercy through the world behold,
His loving-kindness ne'er grows cold.

O'er earth and seas our eyes may trace
His wondrous works in every place :
But O forgetful man, behold,
Your Saviour here his love unfold.

If payment he demand of thee,
Who in this world can set you free ?
Your debt of sin you cannot pay !
How will you meet the judgment day ?

Oh seek by prayer of heart and mind,
If, through Christ, you may mercy find :
His loving-kindness go and tell,
And say, " He has done all things well."

If in salvation's garment clad,
Your sinful soul will then be glad :
His righteous robe will hide your sin,
And you to endless glory bring.

Then in the Lord you will rejoice ;
Then you shall hear his lovely voice ;
Your soul in God shall joyful be,
And you his endless glory see.

Our bodies soon will turn to dust :
Oh may our souls in Jesus trust,
That in another world we may
Enjoy an everlasting day.

Rejoice, my soul, nor cease to tell
The wonders of Immanuel :
Rejoice, my soul, in God rejoice,
To him be rais'd my feeble voice.

But oh, how oft my spirit droops ;
And something seems to stop my hopes ;
And Jesus seems to hide his face ;
Nor can I tell where him to trace.

Nor can I tell where I may find
My Jesus who is always kind ;
Satan would make me disbelieve :
Lord, let him ne'er my soul deceive.

But when his face again appears,
How soon I lose my doubts and fears !
My heart rejoices then to see
My God has not forgotten me.

Then Satan quickly takes his flight ;
My spirit then sees all things right,
And hymn aloud the God of heav'n—
To him be praise and glory giv'n.

Much in the Lord I will rejoice ;
His praise shall tune my feeble voice.
When in salvation's garments clad,
His righteousness shall make me glad.



Thoughts on the Crystal Palace.

PART IV.

AGAIN I take my pen to write,
O Lord, do thou me teach ;
Thy Spirit and thy love unite,
Thy people's hearts to reach.

Reader, do not despise my lines,
For I wish well to all ;
In Jesu's love, oh may you stand,
And never, never fall.

The num'rous works this Palace fill,
How wonderful they be ;
But far more num'rous is the throng
Of visitors to see.

Of all the works now gather'd there,
There's one transcends the whole,
THE BIBLE—God's own Word so dear—
Now read from pole to pole.

Yet oh, how little understood,
By thousands who it read ;
O God, do thou their hard hearts pierce,
That they may know indeed.

Thy Spirit can unveil the mind,
And cause the blind to see ;
Thy wisdom and thy power's divine—
Thy love is rich and free.

But oft afflictions thou dost send,
Which make us cry and grieve ;
Like Job, on nothing can depend,
Nor cannot get relief.

From earthly friends we comfort seek,
But often do we prove—
Like Job's, they but augment our grief,
Since they're not mov'd by love.

Where should the soul for comfort fly—
Afflicted and cast down ?
'Tis God alone can give them joy ;
But where can he be found ?

The soul for him will search around,
Yet God she cannot find ;
For Satan stops up ev'ry way,
And all things seem unkind.

We know he's God of all, and read
His greatness in his Word ;
But this alone will never cheer,
Nor comfort e'er afford ;

To know that he can all things do,
And work on ev'ry side ;
Can rule the whirlwind and the storm,
And on the tempest ride—

This will not satisfy the soul
That God afflicts with pow'r ;
His mighty arm they can't control,
Nor comfort find an hour.

They know he's God of heav'n and earth ;
They've sinn'd against his love ;
They know there is a heavenly birth,
But fear his wrath to prove.

They know his hand could crush them down
In everlasting woe ;
They fear in torments to be found,
With man's invet'rate foe.

Like Job, they've heard with outward ears ;
But oh ! his power to see !
The justice of his wrath appears !
O, think what this must be !

This makes the soul abhor its sin,
And greatly to repent :
It sees that God is pure within,
Nor can it be content.

It feels so weak and vile,
So helpless and undone,
That nothing seems to smile ;
And comfort it finds none.

It grieves for God alone—
His mercy and his love.
Earthly afflictions press it down,
Nor can it soar above.

O could it thy salvation see,
Thy power, and endless love,
Thy wondrous mercies, firm and free,
Its power the soul would prove.

Give pardon for its sins ;
And blot them from thy book ;
For thou canst make it pure and clean.
Its sins, oh, overlook.

What thoughts oppress the mind !
God makes the soul to see
Himself in majesty divine,
And feel how vile they be.

Like Job they mourn in dust ;
In ashes they repent ;
O could their souls in Jesus trust,
Their hearts would be content.

Creatures, by nature blind,
Yet God can make them see !
Disperse the darkness of the mind.
In mercy may it be.

Like Job afflicted sore they've been ;
And fallen in the dust ;
God in his majesty they've seen,
Nor could in Jesus trust.

Like Job, I mourn an absent God ;
Afflictions cast me down ;
I fear the chast'ning of his rod.
But mercy, oh the sound !

Mercy through Jesus' precious blood,
Did set my soul at large :
His loving-kindness—oh how good !—
Did satan's power discharge.

He made my soul rejoice ;
All other comforts fled,
When Christ did call me by his voice—
Yea, called me from the dead.

This frame's afflicted still ;
This breath, how swift it wanes !
With love our spirits fill !
Thy mercy still remains !

To see him hanging on the cross,
To bleed and die for me,
To see our sins his life had cost,
By faith the sight must be.

To see him by the eye of faith,
His mercy's seat ascend,
To see him conquer over death,
His people to defend ;

To see him sitting on the throne
Of everlasting love,
And gained a pardon for his own,
To dwell with him above ;

To see him by the eye of faith,
My Saviour and my God,
Who saved our sinful souls from death,
Our sorrows all forgot ;

To hear by the attentive ear
All that poor man can say,
Will never make us just appear,
Nor ease the dying day.

Naught less than his almighty power,
Can make the soul to see ;
Nor comfort in a dying hour,
How great so e'er they be.

His presence makes the soul rejoice ;
His mercy, too, they see ;
He makes them hear his heavenly voice,
His pardon's full and free.

And can the wicked think of death ?
Deny the living God ?
And curse him with their feeble breath,
Nor fear his mighty rod ?

'Tis true they prosper for a while ;
In wickedness rejoice ;
And earthly things around them smile—
They know no other voice.

They do not feel the weight of sin,
Nor fear the power of God ;
They boast how wicked they have been ;
Their latter end forget.

Their bodies are so firm and strong,
No sickness casts them down ;
They careless are whom they do wrong,
Nor fear th' Almighty's frown.

Oh ! their end will shortly come ;
How awful it will be !
They will know their dreadful doom,
Their endless misery.

Oh ! there will be no release ;
Pardon they will not find ;
Despised the God of grace,
Who is for ever kind.

His justice and his judgments
On them will be avenged ;
Endless wrath they'll ever know ;
Nor can they flee from thence.

In endless torments they must be ;
The fire will never quench ;
Satan and the wicked see,
They cannot flee from thence.

To those who love and seek the Lord,
Repentance he has given ;
Sing ye his praise with one accord,
And pray to meet in heaven.

In all their trials he will give
Them patience to pass through ;
Leaning on him they seem to live :
He will their strength renew.

See him by the eye of faith :
He doth patience give :
He has conquered over death :
They see and in him live.

He has cast the devil down ;
Satan and all are lost :
See how firm he stands his ground !
Our sins his life has cost.

He has conquered all for them,
And pardoned all our sins ;
Great his love must be to men,
Though sinful they have been.

Soon the time will pass away,
The day of death arrive,
When we shall leave this mortal clay,
No more with sin to strive.

O Lord, our hearts prepare
To meet thee on thy throne,
Thy mercy and thy love to share,
In that eternal home.

In mercy keep our Queen, O Lord ;
Guide by thy mighty power ;
Thy mercies, Lord, to her afford,
And guard her every hour.

O Lord, surround this guilty land,
And teach us by thy love.

O guide us by thy mighty hand,
Till we arrive above.

Lord, do not let our foes prevail,
For thou canst cast them down ;
Make their envenomed arrows fail,
And all their works confound.

Make known to all thy mighty strength,
Thy mercy and thy love ;
Thy wisdom shines throughout the earth,
Thy mighty power, above.

O God, thou'rt not confined to place,
To make thy mercies known ;
Wisdom our hearts can never trace,
Nor stand before thy frown.

Strengthen the rulers of this land,
And guide them in thy peace :
O break the craft of wicked hands,
Thy people's hearts release.

From all the powers of sin and death,
Lord, set thy people free ;
Thy knowledge spread throughout the earth,
Where'er thy people be.

The Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Do each thy power prove ;
Do thou in mercy let them see
That thou'rt a God of love.

For thou alone canst make them see
Thy majesty and strength ;
Though dark their sin-clod minds may be,
The clouds disperse at length.

Make them to see thou'rt God of all,
Who made the heavens and earth,
"The sea, and all that in them is,"
And gave all creatures birth.

O make them cry for mercy, too ;
Thy pardon and thy love ;
Shew them that they can nothing do,
Unless they look above.

Thou, Lord, alone can give them strength,
And grant their great desire ;
And thou alone can give them grace,
Their souls with zeal to fire.

Thou alone canst make them see
Thy pardon and thy love ;
And thou alone canst set them free,
And draw their hearts above.

Thou alone can patience give
In every trying hour ;
Thou canst make the soul to live,
When lying at death's door.

Release the soul from all its sin ;
From satan and his host ;
And make the soul thy glory win,
Without its life or cost.

Thy mercy, Lord, is very free,
For such a wretch to gain ;
So helpless and so vile I be !
O why should I complain ?

This feeble body casts me down ;
Lord, let me rest on thee ;
And give me peace, and rest, and crown
Me with thy majesty.

Oft in thy mercy thou afflicts ;
In love, Lord, let it be ;
When wrath the trembling soul expects,
Thy mercy let it see.



THOUGHTS ON THE

Immutability and Faithfulness of God.

TEACH me, Lord, to write again ;
Nor let me silent be ;
O spread abroad thy mighty fame—
Thy power o'er earth and sea.

And make this feeble heart, O Lord,
Be thankful unto thee ;
Guide—by thy wisdom and thy word—
Thy power and love to see.

O ye his people, give him praise !
O praise him, and adore !
His mercies (great and vast they be !)
From age to age endure.

We through his death our life obtain ;
He saved from sin and woe ;
Releas'd us from the fiery chain.
O thank and praise him, too.

He gathers out of many lands,
To bring them to his fold.
From east to west, from north to south,
His mighty power unfold.

This wilderness we wander through—
This desert land below :
O Lord, do thou our strength renew,
As through this world we go.

No city here of strength we see ;
No place of sure repose ;
In trouble, Lord, we cry to thee,
Who all our sorrow knows.

Oft we do hunger, Lord, for thee—
Thirst for thy presence here ;
Thy righteousness, O may it be
Our strength in every fear.

When troubles make us faint,
Afflictions cast us down,
Teach us, dear Lord, on thee to wait,
Nor meet us with a frown.

And like thy saints in days of old,
May we, too, cry to thee ;
Thy mercies, Lord, to us unfold—
Which are so firm and free.

In every trial, Lord, attend,
And set our spirits free.
Thou art our great and loving Friend :
Our great Deliverer be.

We oft do read, in days of old
. Thy saints distressed were :
But thou thy mercy did unfold,
And banished every care.

Lead us, O Lord, in thy right way ;
Thy city may we find ;
There to enjoy eternal day,
And gain sweet peace of mind.

Thou led thy saints, in days of old,
To the bright realms above.
Thy mercy, Lord, can ne'er be told—
Its joy—its endless love.

O that men would praise the Lord !
His mercy is so great !
His wondrous works do all accord.
His mercy, O relate !

He satisfies the longing soul
That does his mercy crave ;
His love to them he'll not withhold,
Nor yet his power to save.

He thirsty souls with goodness fills,
Who thirst for righteousness ;
He finds a balm for all their ills,
And does their spirits bless.

In darkness oft the soul doth lie,
Without one streak of light ;
O do thou, in thy majesty,
Dispel the darkest night.

Afflictions bind them down so fast,
Their cords they canno break ;
O God, in mercy hear at last,
And save us for Christ's sake.

Can man rebel against his God,
And prosper in his sin ?
They'll feel his mighty rod, unless
His mercy intervene.

If man condemns the counsel of
The High, Almighty God,
He'll surely punish for their sins,
And make them feel his rod.

He brought them down with labour, too,
They fell, but could not rise,
Until the Lord appeared in view—
His people's Sacrifice.

Unto the Lord their souls did cry,
To find a settled rest ;
No other help could satisfy,
Nor give them peace at last.

In all our troubles may we cry
To God, who can relieve ;
For he can all our wants supply,
And all our sins forgive.

'Tis he can save our souls from hell,
Give pardon for our sins :
The soul who in his glory dwells,
Pure, endless glory wins.

He brought them out of their distress,
Their bands in sunder brake ;
From darkness and the shades of death.
His mercy, oh, how great !

O then that men would praise the Lord,
Whose goodness is so great !
His wondrous grace he doth afford,
And ne'er will them forsake.

The gates of beaten brass he brake,
The prison bars hewed down,
To save his people for His sake—
Who wore the thorny crown.

How foolish are the works of man !
How oft does he transgress !
But Christ steps in, and shews his plan
Of marvellous free grace.

Their souls all heavenly aid abhor ;
Draw near the gates of death,
Till Christ is shewn—the living Door—
Which they can see by faith.

Men seek for comfort, but, alas !
Can no contentment find,
Till after God their souls do press—
A God for ever kind.

In all their trials when they cry,
He saves from their distress ;
In weakness he doth strength supply,
And gives them peace and rest.

He sends his word, and heals their souls,
Does from destruction save,
Gives power over hell and death,
And vict'ry o'er the grave.

Then let us all give praise to God !
Loud hallelujahs sing !
And kiss the precious, chast'ning rod—
Held by our heavenly King.

May we our feelings sacrifice,
And thankful ever be,
That thou dost not our souls despise,
So carnal though they be.

When sore afflictions cast me down,
Thy mercy may I see,
And see by faith the glorious crown
Reserved in heaven for me.

Thou raised me from the gates of death,
My soul thou hast set free ;
Thou wert my comfort in distress.
My strength is all in thee.

'Twas thou who set my feet at large,
And strength of body gave ;
My many fears thou didst discharge,
And thou'st all power to save.

They who to sea in ships go down,
Thy mighty works there see ;
The wonders of thy word make known,
That they thy love may see.

Do they the depths of sin perceive,
That ends in endless woe ?
Do they for Christ the Saviour grieve ?
Shew them thy mercy, too.

He raises up the stormy winds,
The waves do him obey ;
Daily may we his presence find,
And for his mercy pray.

Thy presence makes our hearts rejoice,
And lifts our souls to thee ;
But soon we lose thy precious voice.
How wav'ring, Lord, are we !

Like those upon the sea, we're tossed,
And sink in doubts and fears ;
We think we shall be wrecked and lost,
Until thy hand appears.

This makes the soul with trouble melt,
For all his dreadful sin :
The power of guilt and woe is felt :
The fear of God's within.

The wit of man is nothing here ;
It's God alone can save ;
O seek him out by fervent prayer—
His greatest mercies crave.

May we to him in trouble cry ;
Distress be what it may ;
God's grace alone can satisfy :
All other things decay.

He makes the stormy winds a calm,
So that the waves are still ;
His mercy breaks the dread alarm,
And does with comfort fill.

'Tis then their inmost souls are glad,
Because they quiet be ;
Their countenance no more is sad,
For they the haven see.

Let men unto their God draw nigh,
And praise his wondrous name ;
And sing His praise who sits on high,
The blood-redeeming Lamb !

O may his name exalted be,
Where'er his people are !
May they his power and glory see,
His love and mercy share.

May elders praise the mighty God,
And spread his name abroad ;
May he by us ne'er be forgot,
Our everlasting Lord.

COMPOSED FOR THE 26TH OF APRIL, 1854,

THE DAY APPOINTED FOR

National Humiliation and Prayer,

In consequence of War being declared with Russia.

TEACH us, Lord, to trust in thee ;

And make our cause thy own ;

Thou canst make the rebel flee ;

O let thy power be known.

Fight for us, Lord, in every way ;

And may we conquerors be ;

O be thou our strength and stay,

And make the rebel free.

May we never trust in man,

But rest our souls on thee :

Save, oh Lord, our guilty land;

O set Britannia free.

Thou canst change the tyrant's heart,

And cause the war to cease ;

Shew mercy, Lord, in every part,

And set our land at peace.

Lord, may we not confide
In princes or in men ;
But be thou, Saviour, on our side,
And truly us defend.

LINES ON THE JUBILEE

OF

The British and Foreign Bible Society.

“ SEARCH the Scriptures,” saith our Lord ;
“ They testify of me :”
Lord, on us seal thy gracious word,
And set thy captives free.

“ Tis thou canst soften hearts of stone,
And make them turn to thee ;
Canst make the wounded spirit whole.
O Lord, remember me.

The Bible is a precious book,
To those who love thy name ;
In mercy Lord on heathens look,
That they may read the same.

Means thou can and wilt employ,
Where'er thy people are ;
And let thy pure, seraphic joy,
In their hard hearts appear.

Thy word, Lord, scatter far and near,
Around this spacious globe ;
May thy mercies, Lord, appear,
Where yet they are unknown.

O may a sweeter jubilee
Of heavenly joys appear ;
Hearts that are searched and taught by thee,
Are made to love and fear.

Thy Spirit, Lord, attend the means
That feeble men employ ;
Be thou the cause of brighter scenes
Of wisdom and of joy.



